

SOWING AND REAPING.

Sow with a generous hand,
Pass on for the poor man's pain.
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold of winter rain,
But wait till the autumn comes,
For the sheaves of golden grain.

OUTRAGES ON WOMEN.

The last number of the North British Review, taking for a text one of the almost daily reported cases of wife beating among the "lower orders" that are to be met with in the London papers, makes the following very just observations, which we think the reader will join with us in believing are entitled to something beyond a mere local application:

It is not to be doubted, that in the criminal annals of England, outrages upon women have of late years held a distressingly prominent position. It is no exaggeration to say, that scarcely a day passes that does not add one or more to the published cases of this description of offence; and the published—bear but a small proportion to the unpublished. The outrage may be murder itself, or it may fall short of murder. Some wretched woman goes bleeding and staggering into court, to tell how her husband or her paramour has struck her down and trampled upon her—thrown her out of a window, or kicked her down stairs—or stabbed her with a knife—or perpetrated some act of violence on her person too gross and horrible to describe. It has become, we say, an every-day story. The details may vary, for there are many forms of cruelty on the one side and suffering on the other; but they are all written by the same strong hand in the blood and tears of feeble woman.

It cannot be denied that in all classes of society there are bad husbands. But in the upper classes men rarely lift their hands against their wives. To offer personal violence to a woman is an offence against society for which nothing can atone. Men of education and refinement do not strike women; neither do they strike one another. This is not their mode of expressing resentment. They may utter words more cutting than sharp knives; they may do things more stunning in their effects on the victim than the blows of pokers or hammers; they may kill their wives by process of slow torture—unkindness, infidelity, whatever shape it may assume—and society will forgive them. The law, too, has nothing to say to them. They are not guilty of what is recognised as an assault, because they only assail the affections—only lacerate the heart. They speak with horror of the "brutal wretches" who inflict on women blows, less painful at the time, and less abiding in their effects. But is their treatment of women any better than that of these ruffians? Have they any higher sense of what is due to womanhood? They would not besmear a fair face with blood; but they would set a tender heart a bleeding until it can bleed no more. They would not mar the beauty of God's handiwork, but they would soil the purity of a virgin soul. If we would see the worst type of man's cruelty to women, we must not go into the police courts where women with dishevelled hair and disfigured faces give painful evidence against their husbands, but into the best streets, after night-fall, where the unspeaking and unspeakable evidence meets us at every turn.

There are various forms of man's cruelty to women, of which wife-beating, we are assured, is not the worst. To seduce, betray, and desert a young and beautiful woman, in the first freshness and beauty of youth—to leave her to die slowly of hunger, disease, or gin, or suddenly by a leap, on a cold winter's night, from the parapet of a bridge, is to do what must be done amongst us on a much larger scale than wife-beating—else whence all those evidences of the "great sin of great cities" and it is to do it quietly and deliberately, under no irresistible provocation, and with none of those attendant excuses or palliations which are not unfairly pleaded on behalf of the poor, uneducated, ignorant man, whose neglected childhood and misguided youth are naturally and necessarily followed by a brutalized manhood. We have said that "cases" of wife-beating appeared almost every day in the public prints. Every now and then, too, the public are startled and shocked by the revelation of a "case" of the other kind—a case of cold-blooded, systematic trading in woman's ruin, of which it is evident that the riders and abettors are not poor, uneducated, ignorant men. These published cases may be comparatively few; but every one is an unlucky member of a large private family—part, indeed, of a extensive system. It will have been gathered from the newspaper extracts, illustrative of wife-beating, which we have given above, that the more unenlightened and savage race of cruelty-mongers have a rude, ruffianly way of checking the complaints of the injured. These mainly fellows of the poorer classes assemble about the doors of the police court, and revile the sorrowing, and often reluctant witness, with gross epithets and loud bellowing, as she totters out of the presence of the "beak." She has to run the gauntlet of a crowd of heroes sympathizing with her persecutors. We confess that this, which appears to be a new manifestation, is in our eyes the worst phase of a higher order, they have no need to check complaint and prevent inquiry after so primitive a fashion as this. They need but to open their purses; they can buy off inconvenient investigations. We do not mean by this that they can tamper with justice—that they can bribe the judge upon his seat, or effectually paralyze the activity of the police. But they can fence in their inquiry—can raise such barriers between their crime and the laws—as to render detection difficult and retribution rare. The wrong doings of the poor man is as open as

day. The screams of his wife or paramour cannot be stifled in the close alley or teeming court yard wherein he dwells. His home is perhaps a single room in a house where half a dozen families are herded together. Every sound is heard through the thin, dilapidated partition wall. A score of witnesses are ever ready, if need be, to divulge the offence. But the other sin which we speak is screamed and guarded by closed doors and obscuring curtains, and from the penetrability of such houses no voice can come without the consent of riders and abettors, who cannot speak except to criminate themselves and to destroy their trade. There is no need for any howling and bellowing, and intimidation of reluctant witnesses in open day. Everything is secret as death. Witnesses are kept out of the way. When by some rare accident a "case" of this kind struggles into light, and becomes the subject of a judicial inquiry, all that the outraged sufferer can say is, that she has been wronged "by a gentleman," aided by a woman, perhaps with a dozen abettors, who generally contrives to escape. Unlike Charles Solomon, upon whom the policeman lays his hand at once, and about whose ruffianly identity there can be no mistake, the gentleman wrong-doer remains a myth—an abstraction. He may have committed a felony of a grievous kind, which not long ago might have sent him to the gallows; but his personal identity is obscured—he is but the type of a class. Money is a great mystifier, and a proper application of it speedily converts the offender into Mr. *Outis* or *Nobody*, and the public are regaled with indistinct general allusions, indicating only that some one in high place has done a mighty wrong, for which there is no punishment, because there is no identification.

We do not mean to say that offences of this extreme character are of every day occurrence—that men in the upper classes of society are commonly violent and felonious in the indulgence of their appetites; but there is an every-day state of things which favors the perpetration of outrages upon women, but varying in their form, but leading to one common result; and that so long as by the common consent of the highly educated classes a systematic trade in prostitution, supported by every description of fraud and many descriptions of violence, is encouraged and maintained, it is not for them to speak indignantly of the brutalized manners of those ignorant, neglected Parisians, whose ruffianly assaults upon women are continually being investigated by our judicial tribunals.

Female Extravagance.

On every hand, and in all circles, we hear complaints of female extravagance. Husbands talk about it, fathers complain of it, the pulpit thunders against it, newspapers argue and declaim upon it by turns. Does specie go out of the country? We are told it is because the ladies buy so many laces, brocades, and other French extravagances. Is a merchant ruined? Half the world lays it to the prodigality of his wife. Young men shrug their shoulders when advised to marry, and say they cannot afford to pay the milliners' bills. Old men reprove their daughters for the sums they squander on French finery. From all sides a fire of wit and obijuration is kept up upon the extravagance of women, second only in fury to the fire on Sebastopol the day the Malakoff was captured. The anathema maranatha rises immediately to the lips of the men whenever Brussels lace or brocade, diamonds, India shawls, or other feminine extravagances are mentioned in their presence.

Yet the fault is not all on one side. If ladies love choice laces, gentlemen like fine cigars. From the day laborer, who will have his beer and tobacco, up to the rich citizen, who drinks pure wines or drives fast trotters, self-gratification is the rule with men rather than the exception. Many a husband, who sours when he receives his wife's bill for gloves, spends twice as much on oysters for himself. Billiards, suppers and sporting excursions consume their proportion, at least, of the family income. In justice to women, too, it must be admitted, that while her prodigality arises from the desire to look lovelier, which is but the instinct of her sex to render herself more pleasing to man, the extravagance of man, on the other hand, springs generally from a selfish desire to gratify his appetite or pander to a morbid love of excitement. At most, vanity is more pardonable than gluttony or drunkenness. Women squander money on show; man wastes it on wine or horses. We rarely hear the stronger sex denouncing the weaker as spendthrifts without saying to ourselves "take first the beam from thine own eye."

To what do these words tend? Not to the increase of retribution between man and wife, but to the fostering of mutual forbearance and self-denial. We wish to impress our readers that there is no station, however exalted, no condition, however poor, in which one sex does not often gratify its vanity or appetite at the expense of the other. Sometimes it is the wife who is selfish and spends more than her share; but quite as often it is the husband. Custom, however, has warranted the latter in complaining of extravagance, while the same custom has closed the mouth of the former, till half the world thinks woman has no cause to complain at all. We justify neither. We say both, as a general rule, squander too much. But we maintain that if husbands, instead of swearing at their wives' bills, would show the example of economy by reducing their own selfish expenses, the female sex would not be long in being slurred into retrenchment. The last vice a man sees is his own. If some of us would look at home, instead of abroad, we would prate less about extravagance.—*Baltimore Sun.*

SMILES AND FROWNS.

Which will you do—smile and make your household happy, or frown and make all those young ones gloomy, and the elder ones miserable? The moment of happiness you can produce is incalculable, if you show a smiling face, a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. Wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes, and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed; and you will feel it at night when you rest, and at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your business.—*Home Journal.*

The Man on the Iceberg.

"It is a man!" said the captain, handling his telescope to the mate, after long, steady look; "and he seems frozen hard and fast to the side of the iceberg."

"Keep her away!" cried the skipper, "So—o—o. Steady!" and by thus altering our course we brought the iceberg right ahead. The iceberg had been in sight since the weather cleared at midnight, when it looked like some high rocky headland, except that, by watching the bright stars behind it, we could see its gigantic outline swaying solemnly and majestically up and down. There was something sublimely grand in the slow stately movement of such a mass. There it floated, large enough, had it been land, to have been the dwelling place of hundreds of human beings. The lower part was of so dark a purple as to look almost black; but, higher up, it shaded off to a bright azure, then to a light pale green, while on its lofty summit were long slender spires and pinnacles, and pieces of thin transparent ice, worked into all manner of fantastic forms, and either of a crystal whiteness, or tinted with a beautiful pale pink. There were bays and promontories, caves and grottoes, hills and dells, with every variety of light and shade. The island was almost equally divided by a great valley running through its center. This was half filled with snow, which, thawing slowly in the sun, formed the source of a waterfall, at a height so great that it was blown and scattered into fine rain before it reached the sea. Around its base—on which the sea was breaking with a noise less booming and more musical than when it dashes on the solid shore—was a broad band of frozen spray, which, glittering in the sunshine, looked like the silver setting of an enormous sapphire.

Not far from the top, and on the side nearest to us, was a vast, smooth, glassy plane, inclining steeply towards the sea, and terminating abruptly in a tremendous overhanging precipice. In the very centre of this plane, those among us who had good eyes could see a small black spot. It was at this the captain had been peering through his glass, when he said, "It is a man!"

Every glass in the ship was in requisition, and every eye strained towards one point. The excitement became almost frantic when one of the watchers suddenly exclaimed that he saw the man move his hand. We approached, so near, at last, that the plateau above, and its dread object, were at last hidden from view by the brink of the precipice itself, which seemed as if about to roll over and crush us. We sailed along its side, frequently lying to, to explore each nook and corner as we passed. The further end of the island, when we rounded it, presented quite a new feature: the base was sapped away and undermined for about half a mile by a succession of low cavernous hollows, extending inwards farther than we could see, while the sea rushing in and out tumultuously, made the pent up air within howl and whistle like a hurricane. Altering our course again, we steered almost due west under the southern side, where its vast shadow spread out far and wide over the ocean. It now looked even grander, darker, more fear-inspiring than before, with the sun beaming over its rugged crest, shining through the thinner parts and showing all the prismatic colors of the rainbow. The form of the ice island was that of an irregular triangle, and in about five hours we had sailed completely round it. But there was no single point at which any boat ever built could have landed, even had it been a dead calm, and the sea as still as a mill pond; much less in such a heavy surf as was then foaming and creaming all around it. No sign of living thing was seen, excepting one great sleepy seal, that had crept into a hole just above water-mark, and lay there as if he were in comfortable quarters. No sign of boat, or spar, or wreck. It was a picture of utter desolation.

We have to again, at the nearest point from which the man upon the iceberg could be seen. He lay on his back, with one arm folded in an unusual manner under his head, the whole attitude being one of easy repose; indeed, had he not been for the marly look of his face and hands, we could have fancied that he was sleeping soundly. He was clothed as one of the better class of seamen in rough blue cloth, with large brown buttons. He had no hat, and by his side lay a small black book, which was tied a strip of red woolen stuff, apparently a piece of the same which he wore round his neck. This, no doubt, the poor fellow had intended planting on the heights as a signal. In such a thin, clear atmosphere, with the aid of a powerful telescope, even his features might be plainly traced, and his iron grey hair seen moving in the wind.

The second mate stoutly declared that he recognised the man—he was quite sure of it—an old chum and shipmate of his with whom he had sailed many a long voyage, and some part of whose wild, varied history he told us the next evening. What seemed to convince him more than anything, was the peculiar way in which the dead man's arm was stowed away under his head—his old shipmate always slept so even in his hammock.

Numerous and strange were the conjectures and remarks made by officers and men. Who, and what was he? How long had he been there? How did he get there? The general conclusion was, that he was one of the crew of some vessel wrecked upon the iceberg itself, of which no vestige remained. "Yes, like enough," said one of the sailors, "he ran into the ice in the dark, and went down like a stone, same as we may have done any time this last six weeks." "Perhaps he was aloft when she struck, and got pitched up where he is now?" "As like to be pitched into the moon," rejoined another, contemptuously. "Why, that there precipice is three times as high as the tallest mast ever rigged?" "Perhaps, now," suggested a third, "it's some awful cruel skipper, who's been a hazing and ill-using of his crew till they couldn't bear with it no longer, and was drove to mutiny, and put him ashore, all alone, to die by himself, so as they should not have his blood upon their hands; or maybe he was a murderer or a Yankee slave keeper."

"Ah, Bill," growled out a previous speaker, "you've always got a good word to say for every one, you have."

It was a very old man who spoke next—who was well looked up to as a great authority on all such matters, although he was usually remarkably taciturn, and would never enter into an argument. He quietly deposited his glass in his hat; and, as this was always done preparatory to his making

a speech, his shipmates waited in silence for him to begin.

"That there ice-land," he said at last, "wasn't launched yesterday, nor last year, nor the year before, perhaps; and, by the looks of him, he's been for a pretty long cruise in warm latitudes—last summer, maybe—and then come back here for the winter. If you look away yonder—there—just this side of that high point like a church steeple, only lower down, there's a place looks darker than the rest. Now it's just there I expect that a great piece has broken off and drifted away; and I calculate that 'twas lower and more shelving off—not so steep and rocky like as it is now. 'Twas there that poor chap was cast ashore from ship or boat. He was trying to make his way up to the heights to take a look around, and loist a signal, when he lay down and went asleep, and never woke again; only where he is now, you see, must have been covered with snow then, or he couldn't have kept his footing."

Having said thus much, he replaced the quid in his mouth and spoke no more. There was no earthly use in waiting longer, and yet the captain seemed loth to give the order to fill and bear away. "If the poor fellow had a spark of life in him, he would have moved before this, for it's six or seven hours since we first saw him. But if he did move, it would only be to slide down over the precipice, for no living thing could keep a footing on such a slope as that. And if there are any more of them we should have seen them before this time, although we could never get them off if we did."

Then pausing suddenly in his walk on the quarter deck, he gave an order to get a gun ready forward, and presently cried the answer: "All ready with the gun, sir."

"Fire!"

In a few seconds the echo of the loud report resounded from the icy wall; for another instant all was still, and then came a noise like a rattling of loud thunder, proceeding from the centre of the berg. The danger of our proximity to this vast object now became more and more apparent, and all sail was made to get a good offing. But we had barely proceeded a quarter of a mile when the same noise was heard again, only louder, more prolonged, and accompanied by a rattling, crushing sound, the intensity and nature of which is perfectly indescribable. The vast island was parting in the middle, down the course of the deep valley before mentioned; and slowly and majestically the eastern half rolled over into the sea, upheaving what had been its base, in which were imbedded huge masses of rock covered with long sea weeds. The other part still remained erect, but was swaying to-and-fro, as if it must also capsize. This convulsion caused less foam and turmoil than might have been supposed, but raised a wave of such tremendous magnitude, that when it reached our ship it seemed about to be overwhelmed by a rolling mountain of water higher than our mast-heads. The good ship rose upon its hollow, and before again sinking into the hollow, we saw the man upon the iceberg—still in the same posture—glide swiftly down the slippery incline, shoot over the edge of the precipice, and plunge into the raging surf.

A sensation of inexpressible relief was experienced by all; it had seemed so dreadful to sail away and leave him thus, untried and alone. Now, at any rate, we had seen the last of him.

"THERE'S WHERE THE BOYS FIT FOR COLLEGE," said the Professor to Mrs. Partridge, pointing to the school in Bedford street. "Did they?" said the old lady, with animation; "and if they fit for college before they went there, didn't they fight afterwards?" "Yes," said he smiling, and favoring the conceit; "yes, but the fight was with the head and not with the hands." "Butted, did they?" said the old lady, persistently. "I mean," continued he, "that they wrestled with their studies, and went out of college to be our ministers and doctors."

"Ah!" said she, "I never knew that people had to rattle to be ministers and doctors before. I suppose that Mr. Crampton is one of these ministers, who has been sent home because he has done wrong, and maybe couldn't save him. I don't know about it, but some say he is sent home because he wanted to get cruets for the British army, and others that he wanted to turn all the mosquitoes agin us. If he done this, he ought to be sent home, for marcy knows we have enough of 'em now." They moved on, Mrs. Partridge, pondering on what would receive the call in place of the British minister, and the old lady striving for the possession of the old lady's umbrella, which seemed to suffer.

Flourishes.—Flourishes are all the rage this season among the genteel sex. You can hardly be able to distinguish the embellishment of one of your lady friends from the meagreness of the other. The wilderness of flourishes that covers both will cover all physical deficiencies. Billows of silk seem to roll up from the feet towards the head, threatening to engulf the delicate wearer. We see in the streets, since hoops are still the fashion, nothing but huge cones of dry goods in locomotion, from the vast circumference of which at the bottom peep out two tiny gaiter boots, and on the apex of which, at the top, is suspended a bouquet in a small fine basket christened a bonnet, the interval being crowded with striped flourishes, like the huge convolutions of an anemone.

There are now no less than three hundred and sixty-four churches in Rome, while the population is considerably less than two hundred thousand. The fact is, says a writer on this subject, that every spot where any legendary event is believed to have occurred, where some good idiot had a dream of seeing a saint or a demon, where a lying miracle was pretended, or an absurd old relic found—a stray big toe, or a felon's head taken for a martyr's—has been consecrated by a church, and a good fat brotherhood of friars appointed to the onerous work of counting rosaries, eating hearty dinners, and taking "siestas" within its precincts.

"Distinguished Consideration."—The New York Tribune states that an American banker in England writes to his partner here that at the French Embassy's ball the Queen, who was present, took especial pains to be very civil to Mr. Dallas, and that Americans are treated with distinguished consideration just now in England.

A nabob, in a severe fit of gout, told his physician that he suffered the pains of the damned. The doctor coolly answered, "what, already?"

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

The hour we get up in the morning very much depends on the hour we went to bed the night before. It is pretty evident that nature made a mistake when she calculated the sun's going down, or else some of the present generation are sadly in fault about retiring to rest, and no less so in regard to getting up. What a waste of beauty, what a waste of music, happiness, and health to sleep out the morning hours! Reader, did you ever live in the country, and in the month of June get up about half-past three o'clock in the morning? There is no other hour like that in the whole twenty-four; 'tis full of income, full of music, full of heaven, full of inspiration. We should think, if angels ever came to earth, they would come then; and we fancy they do, for the air is full of fragrance, every grove has its orchestra; and such pines as they play, too! Not an instrument is out of tune, not a note out of time. Such pieces, No Mozart, no Beethoven could play them! Every leaf and twig and flower sparkles with dew. We fancy there has been a hail-storm of diamonds! Talk of the splendors of royalty! The pomp of wealth and the glitter of gold! Did you ever see and realize a June morning! Then you will know better what estimate to put upon a jeweller's shop! Did you ever get one breath of air into your lungs from such an "incense-breathing morn!" If you did, you felt an inspiration more of heaven than earth. Awake, O sleeper! such scenes occur nearly every day, and you lose the sight. You burn your life out with gas, and sleep it out by sunlight, thus shortening it at both ends; wake up with a dull, heavy headache, bitter dried up mouth, and trembling limbs. The late hours, late suppers, late going to bed, and late getting up, are enough to make a man late all his lifetime, and he may think himself well off if he is not too late at heaven's door. Mothers should not try to make their children sleep in the morning. Give them very light suppers and put them to bed early. They will be enough better natured through the day to pay for it, so that in the end you will do just as much work as if they slept in the morning.

A TOUCHING DUTY IN PROSE.—When Seth got home from mackereling, he sought his Sarah Ann, and found that she, the heartless one, had found another man. And then most awful tight he got, and so he went away, and bound himself to go and cut live oak in Florida. He pined upon the live oak lands, he murmured in the glades; his axe grew heavy in his hands, all in the wild wood shades. Mosquitoes bit him every where, no comfort did he get, and old how terribly he'd swear when he'd get bit. At last despairing of relief and wishing himself dead, he went into the woods apiece, and chopped off his own head.

Mr. Jew, the lumber dealer, says he is determined not to trade without a fair profit, and congratulates himself upon being so shy that nobody can tell whether he deals fairly or not. He overheard himself one day, however. "What," said a cunning customer, "will you sell me forty dollars' worth of boards for?" "Well, I'll sell that amount—to you—for about fifty dollars."

A CHARITABLE MAN.—Rev. Mr. Stiggins said: "I am a charitable man, and think every one entitled to his opinion—and never cherish malice against my foes, not even against Mr. Mulberry, who has indirectly called me a sinner; but still, if the Lord has a thunderbolt to spare, I think it would be well bestowed upon dear brother Mulberry's head."

Why should a man never starve in the desert of Arabia? Ans.—Because of the sand which is there! How came the sand which is there. The generations of *Ilan* were bred and nurtured here.

Bayard Taylor says there is a shop for the sale of sam shoo, or rice whiskey, in Hong Kong, which bears over its door the following inscription: "The joys of Paradise are nothing but a state of perpetual drunk."

PITHY.—A Boston woman has written a very brief letter to a member of Congress from Massachusetts. It reads as follows: "Balaam's ass spoke once—can't you?"

BIRTHPLACE OF FREMONT.—Some interest has been awakened as to the birthplace of John C. Fremont, now that he has become the Black Republican candidate for the Presidency. We are glad that South Carolina cannot own the traitor and are only sorry that he is of the South by accident.

The following, from the Boston Telegraph, is said to be correct: "John Charles Fremont was born at Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1812. His parents were residents of Norfolk, Va., but at the time of his birth, they were on a journey through the Southern States. His father was born in France, near Lyons. Having been taken prisoner by the English, while on the way to join his relatives in St. Domingo, he afterwards escaped and came to the United States."

WHAT PROVES BUCHANAN A FREEMASON?—The Carolina Times, Lancaster, do not cite the fact that Mr. Buchanan wished to extend the Missouri Line to the Pacific as proof of his freemason connections. It turns out, whatever may have been Mr. Buchanan's sentiments on that subject, that he was a solid officer at the time this extension was proposed, and that the motion was made in the House of Representatives by Mr. Bart, of this State, and defeated by the anti-slavery vote which in the Senate he measure had the support of Mr. Calhoun himself. Those political facts are queer things, and those should be careful in handling them. They are apt to do like the Haidhrastrian gun—kick the shooter over.

THE CAMEL.—It has become quite a common sight to see camels and dromedaries marching through our streets. The camels are now employed in carrying government freight from Powder Horn to the Depot. They carry the enormous weight of 1500 pounds, and with the greatest ease. The sight of these stampedes all the horses and mules that come within sight of them. They are certainly not handsome creatures. A horse in a brack trot can scarcely keep up with the camels when in a walk. They apparently go along, with their long measured tread, but in reality they are moving rapidly.—*Texas paper.*

"Hans, what is the matter?" "De sorel wagon has run away mit the green horse, and broke de axle-tree of de brack horse what stands by the corner lamp-post across the telegraph."

There is a ballet dancer connected with Niblo's so ethereal in her nature that she feeds on eggs laid by canary birds. She is the young lady who walks up a moon-beam.

A Yankee has invented a plague which kills off all who do not pay the printer. It has played sad havoc in New England.

We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but we have never heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

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BRICK RANGE,
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**SPRING AND SUMMER
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Linen Coating, Heavy Twill-d and Duck
Linen, Bureaus and Tissues, Printed Organdies,
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Fine Gingham, French, American and English
Fines, Fines Black and colored Silk Mantilles,
all of the latest style and fresh from New York.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Colored Silk, Kid and Thread Gloves, Hosiery, &c.
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Black and Colored Kid Top Gaiters and Boots of various kinds for Ladies, Misses and Children.

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All of which will be sold at the most reasonable terms for Cash or to promising customers.
April 3 6 1/2

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"APOTHECARY'S HALL"
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FRESH AND GENUINE MEDICINES,
embracing nearly every article usually kept in Drug Stores.

MR. HENRY E. HEINTZ will have the entire management of the store, and all PHARMACEUTICAL PREPARATION will be made by himself, or under his immediate supervision. This gives to the community the assurance that all articles from their store are genuine, and in accordance with the prescribed rules of the U. S. Pharmacopoeia.

They desire also to state that their connection with the WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUG ESTABLISHMENT at Columbia will enable them to receive and supply large orders at very low prices. Physicians, Dentists and Merchants, will do well to call and examine the stock and prices, and judge for themselves.

THEIR STOCK WILL CONSIST OF
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MEDICINES & CHEMICALS,
DYE-WOODS, AND DYE-STUFFS,
OILS, PAINTS & PAINTERS' ARTICLES,
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Window Glass and Putty, Glassware**

**and American Perfumery,
FINE TOILET AND SHAVING SOAPS,
FINE HAIR AND
TOOTH BRUSHES, PAINT BRUSHES,
SURGICAL AND DENTAL
INSTRUMENTS,
TRUSSES & SUPPORTERS
OF ALL KINDS,
SPICES, SNUFFS, MANUFACTURED
TOBACCO.**

All the Patent or Proprietary MEDICINES OF THE DAY.
**Superior Inks,
PURE WINES AND BRANDIES FOR
MEDICAL PURPOSES,
LANDRETH'S
CELEBRATED GARDEN SEEDS,
CHOICE TOILET AND
FANCY ARTICLES.**

We make our purchases for cash, and offer goods equally as low as they can be obtained from any similar establishment in this section.
Warranted to be Fresh, Pure and Genuine.
Solely from the country, promptly filled, and satisfaction guaranteed, with regard both to price and quality.

FISHER & HEINTZ,
Pharmacists and Dispensing Chemists,
Jan 3 45

BOOKS! BOOKS!

THE subscribers to this method inform the citizens of the Village and surrounding country, that he is now receiving a good stock of NEW BOOKS, at his Book Store, No. 6, Main-street, opposite the Court House, such as are generally used in Colleges, Academies and common English Schools. A large variety of

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS,
embracing HISTORICAL, BIOGRAPHICAL, GEOLOGICAL, MECHANICAL, Poetical and Musical works, of various sizes and prices.

Some light reading (in the way of Novels),—RUTH HALL, Fanny Fern's writings; TOM JONES' COURTSHIP, &c.

BLANK BOOKS. A number of HYMN BOOKS, used by the different denominations of Christians, together with a large assortment of

FAMILY BIBLES,
prices from \$2.00 to \$10.00; small BIBLES, from 50 cents to \$1.50 and \$3.00; TESTAMENTs from fifteen cents to \$1.00. PRAYER BOOKS, at various prices.

A good lot of Foolscap, Letter, Commercial and Note Paper. Envelopes from common to the finest styles.

Black, Blue and Red Ink.
NEW MUSIC FOR THE PIANO.
Between 500 and 1,000 new pieces for the Piano, from the best composers, the greatest variety ever offered to the age. (We hope the ladies will call and supply themselves.)

I have made permanent arrangements with several large Book Houses in Philadelphia and New York, to exchange my Music Work—the

SOUTHERN HARMONY,
at CASH PRICE, for their Books, &c., at cash prices, nett. I will, therefore, be able to sell Books and Stationery lower than they have ever been sold in Spartanburg; and as I desire to do an entire cash business, if the people will call with their money, I think they will be satisfied that they can buy Books, &c., from me, as cheap as they can (at retail) in Columbia or Charleston.

WILLIAM WALKER, A. S. II.
School teachers supplied on liberal terms.
If any person should call for a Book or Books, that I have not got, I will immediately order them if they desire it.
N. B. The New Edition of the SOUTHERN HARMONY, kept constantly on hand, wholesale and retail, at the GASH BOOK STORE.
May 17 12

S. T. VERNON,
Newberry Court House,
Importer and Dealer
IN HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, WIND-
DOW GLASS, GROCERIES, GENERAL
ALLY, DRY GOODS, HATS,
SHOES, AND CLOTH-
ING, &c. &c.
BUYER OF COTTON
AND OTHER COUNTRY PRODUCE,
has now in store one of the largest, and most varied
Stock of Goods in South Carolina, and is prepared
to offer to his numerous friends, and customers,
liberal inducements which cannot fail to prove to
their interest. I am always in the market for the
produce of COTTON and COUNTRY PRO-
DUCE generally, and planters will find it generally
to their interest, by calling on me before making
their arrangements elsewhere.

S. T. AGNEW,
Importer of English Hardware,
Oct. 18 35

ODD FELLOWS' SCHOOL.
ON Monday next, agreeably to notice, the Odd
Fellows will open their SCHOOL in the Old
Male Academy, under the control of DAVID R.
DUNN, A. B.

Mr. Dunn is a son of Professor Dunson, of
Wofford College, and a graduate of Randolph
Macon College, Virginia. His testimonials of
scholarship and moral character are full and satisfactory. In starting an enterprise of the kind by
the Lodge, it is indeed gratifying, and all who may
avail themselves of the facilities of a cheap and
thorough education, we append the following table
of charges, so reduced as to make it available.
Primary Department—including Spelling,
Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Pri-
mary Geography, per session of five
months, \$6.00
Second Department—Philosophy, Gram-
mar, Algebra, and all the higher branches
of English education, per term of five
months, with a continuation of any of the
pre-mentioned studies, 8.00
Third Department—Classics, with a re-
view of any of the previous studies, per
term of five months, 14.00
Contingent fee, per term, 1.00
THOS. O. P. VERNON,
Chairman Board Trustees.

S. W. GILLILAND,
GENERAL COMMISSION AGENT.
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RESPECTFULLY offers his services to all
those who trade at Newberry, as their General
Commission Agent, for the disposal of their Cotton,
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tention